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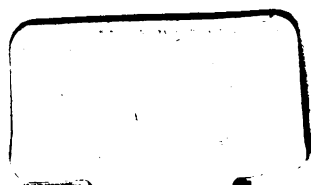


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Two decorative torches, one on the left and one on the right, with flames at the top and ornate handles. They frame the title and author's name.

INTO THE LIGHT

—
EDWARD
ROBESON
TAYLOR



* Publ. Weekly

Taylor

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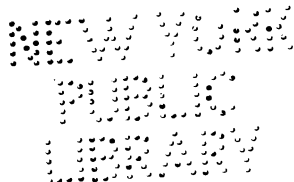
INTO THE LIGHT

BY

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

What dost thou see when without thee
thou lookest, O all-searching Man?
Life, ever life, amid changes by multi-
plex rhythms controlled—
Rhythms that throb without end in im-
mensity's vastness of space,
Mingling and blending in chorus which
sings of the Order Divine.

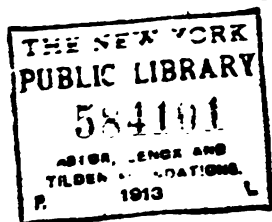
What dost thou see when within thee
thou lookest, O all-searching Man?
Thee as a spirit and atom of all the
mysterious whole ;
Giving as well as receiving, bound to
the infinite past,
Made by and making thy future that
stretches eternally on.



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1912

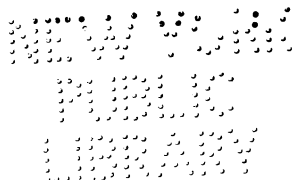
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TO
MY GRANDDAUGHTER
AGNES STANFORD TAYLOR



WAVE
2021
WAVE

INVOCATION

Oh, may my bosom's muse-enkindled fires
Burn only on her consecrated ground,
And there in flame unquenchable abound
Till wavering souls are thrilled with great
desires.

May all my passion's unrelenting ires
With Beauty's loveliest be ever crowned,
Ne'er linking emptiness with honeyed sound,
Nor any thought save that which high
aspires.

O Poesy, though on thy lofty height
Thou seemest so imperishably bright,
I yet dare offer thee my soul's own store;
And pray that every doubter, great and small,
With fervent heart may love thee ever more,
And learn thou art of things the Queen of all.

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INTO THE LIGHT.

This poem has been carefully revised since its last publication in 1907, the revision including the deletion of five and the addition of sixteen stanzas.

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INTO THE LIGHT

I

THE sovran Sun afar his glory flings,
And Morn exultant preens her dewy wings,
While every air, with fragrancy imbued,
Awakes to joysome life all living things.

II

His lances pierce the banners of the haze,
And fill the forest with their golden rays,
Where dream-beguiled in silentness we wend
Along the woodland's needle-covered ways.

III

Still upward mid the firs and pines we go
Where fled is Boreas with his ice and snow,
Till dream dissolves in thought's ethereal air,
And words resume their interrupted flow:

IV

Here, as the sunshine settles in thy heart,
Thou canst of all these wonders be a part,
And underneath this age-worn, friendly pine
Forget thy bosom's worry-breeding smart.

V

For here there broods such feeling of repose,
Such soothing quiet all around us flows,
That for the blessed time life seems to hush
Its doubtful triumphs and its certain woes.

VI

Ah, well-a-day, what heart has not its pains,
Its grievous losses, incommensurate gains,
And as result of all the strenuous strife
What little profit at the last remains!

VII

By thoughts like these we are at times oppressed;
But who the loss or profit can attest?
Our glass we see through darkly, and full oft
What seemed the worst was in the end the best.

VIII

In these unclouded heavens no stars we see,
Yet all roll there in sovran majesty;
So, when thy sky seems reft of every star,
In quenchless light they still may live for
thee.

IX

The bubbles dancing on convivial wine,
The restful dewdrops on the procreant vine,
But symbolize each being life has known:
All vanish as a cloud and leave no sign.

X

We meet insatiate death at every turn;
Life's brightest candles flicker as they burn;
While lone oblivion pours forevermore
Her flood lethean from exhaustless urn. . . .

XI

Thus sayest thou, as has been said before
In various iteration o'er and o'er;
But canst thou mete or weigh the least of
lives?
And if earth's work be done, why askest more?

XII

Lament not o'er the failures of the Past,
Nor fondly hope thy Future may be cast
Where men shall crown thee with undying
bays—
The Present only is thy first and last.

XIII

Nor seek to blot the record of thy years
With self-condemning, uneffectual tears;
But let thy life be such that day by day
Still less and less the evil there appears.

XIV

In all the stresses of thy daily rounds
Still bend thine ear to catch the loveliest sounds,
Still train thy thought to seek the noblest
things,
Still feel that Service never can have bounds.

XV

It cannot matter, for we are so small
A part of the immeasurable All,
Is what thy demon whispers in thine ear
When pleasures lure thee as when shadows fall.

XVI

But know that every eon which has gone
Before thee since life's earliest breath was
drawn
Has helped compound thee into what thou art—
A deathless spirit moving on and on;

XVII

And that the tiniest creature's slenderest strain
In loneliest wilderness is not in vain,
But makes inseparable part of all
That fills Divinity's unending reign.

XVIII

All things and elements are kin to thee,
As are the cones of this imperial tree
To every member of the host of stars—
Ay, e'en to those no telescope may see.

XIX

Couldst thou but learn to feel, without sur-
cease,
Though woes and dangers round thee still in-
crease,
Thyself as part of the eternal scheme,
Thy soul might anchor in the port of Peace—

XX

The eternal scheme whose order as divine
Thou mayst not question, with its blazing sign
Above and round thee, and its rhythmic note
Forever ringing in that heart of thine.

XXI

How full, how rich is life! dear God, did we
But ope our eyes and dare with faith to see
Thy splendors hearted with untainted joys,
Each pulse would thrill with sudden ecstasy.

XXII

O garniture of glory round us spread,
By Beauty's crystal streams forever fed,
Divine expression of the mind divine,
Unchanging, changing, fleeing yet not fled!

XXIII

Yon lake, but one of many children born
To these great mountains lest they live forlorn,
With kindling radiance seems to offer now
Its liquid jewels to the lips of Morn.

XXIV

See the gay squirrels leaping overhead,
The timorous chipmunks with their stealthy
tread,
These blooms fast following on the heels of
snow,
Those moveless clouds that make the peaks their
bed.

XXV

O Music, throned within the heart of things,
What tribute to thee every being brings!
What waves of thine through space's vastness
roll!
What notes of thine great Nature ever sings!

XXVI

Upon thy multitudinous waves how we,
Far borne beyond the veil of being, see
Some glimpse of that which holds the unresting
stars
Forever bound in ordered harmony.

XXVII

Mysterious all; yet that proud sun which prints
Upon yon mountain-peak such gorgeous tints
Holds not one secret greater than the grass
Which at our feet its wonders humbly hints.

XXVIII

The Sphinx outlives the curious ones who ask
The cause and reason of their burdening task,
And with her silent lip and stony gaze
Still ever wears impenetrable mask.

XXIX

And though the crown of life sat on her brow,
While hottest blood her bosom did avow,
With her great head encasing brain as great,
She would be answerless e'en then as now. . . .

XXX

How very little at the most is known;
By what sore travail man has slowly grown;
What luring heavens have led him to despair;
What dreadful hells have made his soul their
own!

XXXI

What is he more than atomy that wings
Its predetermined flight mid other things
That breathe a moment, then unheeded pass
To where no note of being ever sings? . . .

XXXII

Wail as thou wilt, but can thy loudest cry
Be more than vain, inconsequential sigh?
And art thou blinded so by Evil's bane
As not to see the Good which blazes nigh?

XXXIII

Man's tears are measureless, but in them rest
The noblest things that stir the human breast;
Were all the joys beneath the heavens his,
He might be happy, but could scarce be blest.

XXXIV

Who has not felt the wings of suffering bear
His spirit to ethereal regions where
The leaden-breasted clouds fade fast away
As newer worlds burst on him unaware?

XXXV

Ah then, as harmonies around him roll
He makes a fresh companion of his soul,
While voices whisper in his eager ear
That Faith will light him to each worthy goal;

XXXVI

And if for him should dawn some heavy day
Big with the things which breed the heart's dismay,
That smiling Love would hasten to his side,
To give him conquering strength upon his way.

XXXVII

Then clear thy vision, and as now the prayer
Of Consecration stirs the silent air,
With thine own soul the covenant renew
Thy cross through Duty's thorniest to bear.

XXXVIII

For 'tis no mystery that some task is thine,
For thee to make it, if thou wilt, divine,
And that while work remains for thee to do,
Do it thou must, nor weaken nor repine.

XXXIX

Whether it be what men deem high or low
'Tis not for thee to question or to know,
But that thou knead thy heart's best blood in it
Is thy concern, nor cease to make it so;

XL

For shouldst thou slight it in the least, or pause
To quaff the nectar of the world's applause,
Or nurse, self-satisfied, a base content,
Thou art a traitor to thy dearest cause.

XXI

'Tis said that Youth's for action, Age for
thought;
But Duty is the guide—all else is nought;
And wilt thou note the silver in thy hair,
Or float in dream, when deeds are to be wrought?

XXII

And dost thou picture an immortal life
Where work is not and happiness is rife;
Where Passion dies upon the bed of ease,
And Pain wields nevermore its dreadful knife?

XXIII

'Tis thus to deem that thy imperfect soul
Is fitted for a new, eternal role
Of flawless perfectness; 'tis thus to make
A childish, changeless bliss thine utmost goal.

XXIV

If endless life be thine how canst thou be,
When disembodied from thy flesh, set free
From all thy past—thy spirit newly made?
Death cannot work such miracle in thee.

XLV

What far-gone age on age, what power on
power,
Conspired ere this wee, unpretending flower
Could hold its sweet communion with us here,
To heap the measure of this golden hour!

XLVI

No single stroke can alter or create:
Continuous flows the river of thy fate,
As it will flow with all its good and ill
Through Death's dark-mantled, unimpeding
gate.

XLVII

Thou art a spirit now no less than when
Thy form has vanished from the sight of men;
Thy home the Universe, where none may dare
To bound the farthest limits of thy ken.

XLVIII

But if by wasting of thy natural might
Thy soul has added nothing to its height,
How durst thou hope for perfectness or ease,
Or with celestial raiment to be dight?

XLIX

And didst thou know none other life could be
Than this which holds such treasured wealth
for thee,
Thy Duty's star would burn as bright as though
It lit thy path to immortality.

L

Words cannot save thee though they be of gold
Beyond all value earth has ever told,
And though with collocation's art they seem
From out divinest sources to have rolled.

LI

The generations ever come and go
On vasty seas of blended joy and woe,
But what the deep-hid meaning of it all
It matters not for curious thee to know.

LII

It only matters if thy conscience sleep,
Or thou the golden hours in bondage keep,
Or if some deed, or word, or look of thine,
Should cause the angels of the soul to weep.

LIII

Know thou the Gods are good to him who bears
Unvanquished stoutly on ; who in despair's
Entangling web weaves many a thread of hope ;
While all the stars light him that boldly dares.

LIV

What earthly angels hover o'er distress,
That do but live in blessing and to bless ;
What valiant souls in all the strength of Right
Against the Wrong forever onward press.

LV

What matters if the temple's ruin lies
With none for mourner save the grass which
sighs
Where once the goddess undisputed reigned
Amid the joyance of her people's cries?

LVI

Why shouldst thou waste unnecessary tears
Because along the roadside of the years
Are strewn the wrecks of many a star-crowned
fame
That once enravished unremembered ears?

LVII

And e'en the Parthenon—that matchless thing
Which still in beauty's sky on broken wing
Soars as the chosen one death would not slay—
Why should the thought of her our bosom
sting?

LVIII

It is enough to feel that thou and I
Are on this earth to work, and serve, and die,
As have the millions who have gone before,
And as will other millions by and by.

LIX

And when thy voice is mute, thy strivings o'er,
By no deft magic can report add more;
Nor canst thou less be made should Fame re-
fuse
To jewel thee with baubles of her store.

LX

Fame's but a breath, while that which man has
done
Vibrating from its source has onward run,
To mingle with its kind and ever beat
For good or ill beneath the quickening sun.

LXI

And as for thee in time long past was stored
The force which in thy grate full oft has roared,
So for thy soul has grown from age to age
The spirit's energy in heaping hoard.

LXII

Things, forces, change and change, but never
die;
Infinitude is writ on earth and sky;
And if it be no atom lives in vain,
How can thy spirit ever clod-like lie?

LXIII

Lo, Death wields ever his insatiate spear
Where horror-crowned he drinks of blood and
tear,
Yet Life still reigns amid her swarming host,
And spreads her radiant wings above each bier.

LXIV

This lily-bloom, we would not wish to stir
From where it gazes on the towering fir,
Is rooted in the mountain's hoary past,
And is because long-vanished oceans were.

LXV

How sweet to lie with indolence of ease
Among these lilies swaying in the breeze,
Where mid the branches of this sighing pine
The screaming jays are romping as they please.

LXVI

How yonder bird with amorous rapture sings!
He lives his life, nor tastes of torturous things;
Yet bound is he, while thou canst freely play
Upon infinitude's deep-sounding strings.

LXVII

No prison house, no binding chains are thine:
The desert as the garden is divine,
And in thy breast, if thou but will it so,
May bloom the roses of the queenliest line.

LXVIII

Let not Materialism's serpent wit
Tempt thee into its spirit-starving pit;
No wind-blown waif art thou, and in thy soul
Conscience and all her court unsleeping sit.

LXIX

And shouldst thou Right's most petty creature
slay,
Not all the worlds nor powers could put away
The sure, commensurate penalty from thee;
It may be soon or late, but thou must pay.

LXX

Thou art thine own redeemer, thou alone;
Not even the greatest can for thee atone;
Nor can one bloom expand within thy soul
Except from seed thy careful hand has sown.

LXXI

Man is not nourished by ambrosial food;
'Tis his to work, and serve, and not to brood;
And if the knife of suffering cut his heart,
The wound, it must be, carries with it good.

LXXII

Though all the blossoms of thy heart be gone,
Though from thy bosom's bitter wells be drawn
But tears that hold thy consecrated dead,
With freshened courage thou must still go on.

LXXIII

And when thou wanderest mid the cypress
 glooms
To see once more the old, familiar tombs,
Forget thou not the asphodel of Hope
Which there unweariedly forever blooms.

LXXIV

Oh, see thou waste not of thy needed brain
On any puzzlement of Evil's reign;
All mystery's kin we breathe with every breath,
And joy is no less wonderful than pain.

LXXV

In Life's own heart, inseparable still,
Roll on, in vasty orbit, Good and Ill;
Without the one who can the other know,
Or feel was his the treasure of a will?

LXXVI

See the great Harvest fill from year to year
The golden horn of Plenty with his cheer;
See Life and Beauty twinned; see deathless
 Love
In tenderness above Grief's bitter tear.

LXXVII

Oh, the deep wonder of these sapphire skies,
Of these bejeweled, aimless butterflies,
Of yon mad torrent leaping in the sun,
Of all that here makes glad our feasting eyes!

LXXVIII

Then on the promise-hearted things that lie
All round thee seize, nor question whence or
 why,
Content to know that from the seeming maze,
Divinely-ordered, thou canst never fly.

LXXIX

And shouldst thou falter not thy keel may sweep
Serenity's unbounded, stormless deep
Where mid its myriad Islands of the Blest
Thou mayst communion with the noblest keep.

LXXX

Duty will seem no ruthless tyrant there,
With Faith and Love, triumphant o'er Despair,
To guide all heartening breezes to thy sail,
As Hope's entrancing music fills the air.

LXXXI

How swift the silken-wingèd hours have sped,
With Nature's loveliness around us spread,
With silvery voices blending in the heart,
And sunshine's golden glory overhead.

LXXXII

Ah, now the day is done; mysterious Night
With tremulous hush begins her noiseless flight,
While we in wonderment still ever new
Seem dowered afresh by her transfiguring light.

LXXXIII

And as we silent down the mountain go,
What spirit-streams around our footsteps flow!
What soothing ecstasies of peace proclaim
That God is with us 'tis enough to know!

FANCY'S CHILDREN

WHERE do Fancy's children nest
Breeding thoughts we love the best?—
In the leaves with freshness gay
When the Spring is on her way,
Sweetly breathing balm and song
As she lightly skips along;
In the heart of daffodils
Beating as some fairy wills;
Honeysuckle giving sweets
To the trellis it entreats;
Poppies that for sunbeams hold
Most appealing cups of gold;
Pansies whose irradiant eyes
Watch the jasmine's envied vine
Near the maiden's casement twine;
Dandelion's stars that glow
In the meadow's emerald skies;
Lilacs of the long ago,
Tremulous with memory's sighs;
Roses grand in gorgeous show,
Marguerites that lovers know,
And in every kindred one
Drinking joys of dew and sun;
Sooth, in least that decks the ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the merry-hearted stream
Where some naiads rest in dream,

While the crystal waters make
Lulling music lest they wake;
In the peaceful pools that lie
Where the umbrage veils the sky,
And no voice on us may call
Save the beat of waterfall;
And in nook of secret dell
Where an oread from her cell
Deeply hid is wont to spy
Lovers' raptures throbbing nigh;
Here with all that's beauteous crowned
Fancy's children may be found.

In the verdure-spreading tree,
'Neath whose bark dear Dryope
Hopes that she may yet be free,
Whose sequestered, cooling shade
Only dreams and we invade;
And in cloud of snowy fleece
Floating swanlike overhead
On its azure sea of peace,
By the zephyrs gently sped;
While the hours with muffled wing
Pass unknown to any sense,
And each soul-disturbing thing
Vanishes in impotence;
Here by Revery gently bound
Fancy's children may be found.

In the horses of the surge
Rearing high upon its verge,
So to leap upon the shore
With impetuous, deafening roar,
While from out their mouths the spume
Seethes and hisses as it flies;
In the ships that faintly loom
Under rainbow-tinted skies,
Sailing safe on sapphire seas
To the golden port of Ease,
There unlading costly bales
For the hope that never fails;
In the chambers of the deep
Where unnumbered thousands keep
Eyeless gaze on goals unwon,
Lighted not by moon or sun;
And where mermaids in their bowers
Fill with sport the endless hours,
Saving when they seek the air,
Some poor mariner to snare,
Who with them through love or fright
Plunges to eternal night;
In all such enchanted ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the dawn's wide-opening rose
Which in sudden beauty blows
On the east's enraptured breast,
As it beams upon the bed
Where some lady's lovely head,

Filled with him she loves the best,
Gently stirs within its nest;
In the visions flitting by
When the day is fain to lie,
Wearied out, in final rest,
On the bosom of the west;
In the stars that bless the night
With magnificence of light,
As the moon, like any ghost,
Glides amid their countless host,
Weaving with her silvery beams
Love's eternal, magic dreams;
In this wonder-breathing round
Fancy's children may be found.

In the memories floating up
From the long-*evanished* time,
When with joy in every cup
All the moments rang in chime,
As with her, death would not spare,
Hand in hand we silent strayed
In the perfume-laden air,
Till a glory round us played,
And the beauty of her eyes,
Newly lit with love's surprise,
Told the story that still lies
In the heart where, wet with tears,
It shall grieve through all the years;
Ah, in this all-hallowed ground
Fancy's children may be found.

In the Garden of Delight
Boyhood's feet alone can know,
Where all wonders fill the sight,
And all fadeless blossoms grow;
Sooth, where fairies love to be
Fancy's children you may see;
But the maiden's guileless breast
Is by them beloved the best,
Where to every rapturing sound
Are they alway to be found.

IMAGINATION

How insignificantly small we seem;
Yet marvellous times there are,
When every sense in sublimated dream
Wings on from star to star;—
Ah, then all principalities are ours,
And we, immortals with Herculean powers.

SYMPHONY

O TIME of bursting buds,
Of life in verdurous floods;
Of sun-swept, azure skies,
Beneath which raptured flies
Full many a mating bird,
His heart with music stirred;
Of grasses lush and sweet
Where myriad blossoms meet;
Of Promise that indwells
In every seed that swells!—
Ah, Spring, so much we love thee,
There is not one above thee.

O time when o'er the fields
The Sun his sceptre wields,
Till Harvest fills the days
With thankfulness and praise;
When skies, and woods, and streams,
Seem drownded in airy dreams;
When in the languorous eves
The moonlight's magic weaves
The web of Love's deep art
Around the maiden's heart!—
Summer, so much we love thee,
There is not one above thee.

O time when on the land
Fruition lays its hand,
Till fruits and grains are stored
In hoard on heaping hoard;
When all the woods and skies
Are steeped in gorgeous dyes;
When murmuring breezes sigh
Mid leaves now fain to die,
While every air is holy
With pensive melancholy!—
Autumn, so much we love thee,
There is not one above thee.

O time of leafless trees,
Of storm-swept lands and seas;
Whose elemental pains
Of ice, and blasts, and rains,
Give birth to sweet desires
Before the household fires,
And bid all lives to be
When Spring shall set them free,
Again their race to run
Beneath the kindling Sun!—
Winter, so much we love thee,
There is not one above thee.

VISIONS

HOPE drew me on to peaks that glittered bright
With lovelier tints than rainbows ever knew,
While round my loitering feet rare blossoms
grew,

Steeped in immaculate, unfading light.
In golden opulence the days were dight,
With every sky cloud-free, save when there
flew

Great flocks of dreams that veiled the puls-
ing blue,

Only to thrill me with a new delight.
Ah, this was in the time so long ago,
I marvel much if it be truly so—
Those memory - teeming, passion - hearted
years.

My life's once blazing fires are burning low,
And in my cheek regret's unfathomed tears
Have worn the channels age alone can know.

GOLD

Inscribed to the Chit-Chat Club of San Francisco and
read at the thirty-sixth anniversary of the
founding of the Club.

I

THIS is the age of Gold—not of that gold
The Poet treasures in his heart of heart,
To mint therefrom the coins of glorious song,
Wherewith the sons of men may greatly buy
Nectareous bread for their immortal souls;
Nor that entrancing gold some mighty brush,
Wielded by spirit of celestial birth,
Spreads o'er the breast of day-departing skies;
Nor that which gilds the gorgeous, chaliced
blooms

In such unwonted wise, that seraphs great,
Looking from out the radiant deeps of Heaven,
Might see that Beauty still makes glad the
earth;

Nor that which Autumn, on her pensive way
Through woods where Summer's breath no
longer woos

Its children to forget the wintry blast,
Puts on the leaf, until transfigured thus
In death it seems diviner than in life;
Nor that which Night's great vanquisher, the
Sun,

Binds on the brow of day-awakening Dawn,
As o'er the distant hills she speeds along,

To tease us with a glance ere she depart ;
Nor that which lies delightedly enmeshed
Within the dancing curls of some fair child,
The fairies at whose birth bent o'er and smiled.

II

No, no, 'tis not such priceless gold as these
Which men esteem as being any worth ;
They see it not, nor would they though it
bulked

So hugely great archangels would not dare
Its vasty sum to measure or compute ;
But that unhallowed gold which buys and sells,
And makes of Righteousness a scorn and mock ;
Yea, that which buys the very souls of men ;
Which eats the living marrow of their bones,
Till they no longer stand in pride erect,
With Conscience to enguard them as a shield,
But who at ease in prison-house of gold
That never feels the touch of seraph's wing,
Sink meanly down beneath the sorrowing stars ;
Which poisons Duty till she basely falls,
Not at the head with Victory standing near,
Mid glorious pœans shaking earth and sky,
But in the rear, disgraced and overthrown,
Where angels shed all unsufficing tears ;
Which makes the oath of office but a play
Of words as idle as an idiot's laugh ;

Which worships nought save that which rears
aloft

Its vulgar hugeness, or which tempts the eye,
Though these be foul and rotten at the heart;
Which nerves the withered hand to gather more
E'en while Death's angels look in mockery on;
Which feasts on rankest fatness till the sight
Is blind to every splendor though it blaze
Upon the very stones the footstep spurns;
Which blunts all moral sense until the end
Is panted for no matter what the means,
Nor what the Court of Conscience may decree;
Which binds the chain of gross, material things
Around Ideal's summit-soaring brood,
Till Hell roars loud in chorus of applause,
While sweet Religion,—warder of the soul,
And gracious guardian of our tempted hours,—
Walks a lone stranger mid the domes and
towers.

III

Yet, friends, do not the Muses let us say,
And say with praise which is not all self-praise,
That in the generation which has passed
Since first we raised our modest banner here,
We've sought the taintless gold which leads to
life,
And not the base alloy which leads to death?
Here Learning with infinitude of charm

Has opened wide her jewel-sparkling gates,
To show her opulence of golden store;
And here the Poet's unambitious lay
Has sung its message to the grateful heart;
While every Muse has roamed serenely here,
Joy in her eye, and wisdom on her lip,
To lift our thought above the vales of sense
To heights where flesh is nought and spirit all,
And where some kindred soul Time wanton slew
Has left memorials for eternity.
Here, too, Religion, in her seamless robe,
And holding to her breast the flower of Love
Plucked from the fadeless garden of the Christ,
Has breathed her benediction over all;
While Comradeship, without the coarser things
That mar at times the beauty of its rites,
Has blest us with the bounty of a gold
Oblivion shall not mingle with its mould.

IV

So may it ever be: let here the lamp
With golden flame, familiar to us all,
Burn on with steady, still unceasing glow,
Nor fear the blasts of unregenerate years.
May Life with newer messages and hopes
Spread its great feast before our ravished
sense;
And as the years in grand procession move
Victorious toward God-appointed goals,
With Faith to light us may we surely see

That Good sits throned within the heart of
things,
Proclaiming that the lowliest, humblest one,
E'en as the saintliest or proudest, bears
Deep in his inmost soul a deathless sign
Avouching he is God's and is divine.

CARCASSONNE ATTAINED

A POET once—Gustave Nadaud—
With poignant phrase which cuts the heart,
And yet with all the wiles that know
The solace of consummate art,
Immortally did sing of him
Who, when his three-score years had run,
Yearned that ere death his eyes should dim
They might behold great Carcassonne—

That glorious place just o'er the hill,
So very far, and yet so near,
Where all was good, and nought was ill,
And wonder shone without a peer.
Yet not for him this priceless gold,—
Some other task must first be done,—
Nor did he save in dreams behold
The radiant sights of Carcassonne!

O figure ambered by the Muse,
To shine from thence on tear-dimmed eyes,
How thou portrayest what we lose!
What mounting hopes in vain arise!
Ah, few of all earth's myriad souls,
When beacons by the spirit's sun,
E'er cross the hill where swells and rolls
The gorgeousness of Carcassonne!

But then the Muse sees deeper still
The thought which stirs the poet's line,
And on our souls the saving will
Imposes of the power divine:
For he whose stars are made of pelf,
Whose feet on blossomed pathways run,
Whose only purpose is but self,
Can never gaze on Carcassonne!

While he that lives from day to day
In kindness to do his part,
Who lifts the fallen on his way,
And meets the worst with dauntless heart;
Who with a purpose strong as steel
No toilsome road would ever shun,
With treasure more than gold can feel
Forever dwells in Carcassonne!

MUSIC

THE murmurous monotone of waving grain
When winds are gently winging down the
vale;
The storm-voiced billows drowning men be-
wail;
The pattering stroke of softly falling rain;
The sighing leaves that bend to every tale
The breezes tell; the songster's lilting strain,
From feeblest note of all the joyful train
To rapturous burst of peerless nightin-
gale;—
What are all these, and all that human ear
In sweetest concord from their kin can hear,
But hints of deeper rhythms as yet un-
heard;
That in the soul ineffable of things
An ordered Music, by the eternal word,
Throughout the vast of space divinely sings.

TO BEAUTY

WHAT joy to watch thee as thy wings with zest
Bear tremulous Dawn along the gladsome
height,
Or when with languid beat they shed their
light
Of paling crimson on the saddened West;
To see thee flitting, as a seraph blest,
Through dale and wood the meanest to be-
dight,
O'er pools deep-bosomed brooding, and with
Night
Lying mid splendors of her vasty breast!
The canvas throbs beneath thy deathless art,
While at thy word the Sculptor newly wakes
To sudden life the eon-slumbering stone;
And when thou ledest to the Poet's heart
Thy flock of airy dreams, he raptured makes
The song all ages cherish as their own.

POETIC ART

THE cities vanish; one by one
The glories fade that paled the sun;
At Time's continuous, fateful call
The palaces and temples fall;
While heroes do their deeds and then
Sink down to earth as other men.
Yet, let the Poet's mind and heart
But touch them with the wand of Art,
And lo! they rise and shine once more
In greater splendor than before.

INSIGHT

ONE doubts, one fears, one calls on circum-
stance,
And one is blown by every wind of chance;
While yet another looks into his soul,
And sails serenely to his destined goal.

TOLSTOY

I

TOLSTOY is dead!—That world-belovèd oak,
Whose talons like the eagle's clutched the soil,
And whose great limbs with verdure spreading
wide

Had furnished shelter to despairing souls,
Dismembered lies upon the grieving earth,
Made sacred now by that immortal wreck.
And eyes are wet that know as ne'er before
The precious tears distilled in sorrow's heart;
While men at pause amid their thorns of gold,
And thistles heavy with degenerate bloom,
View all amazed the gorgeous Rose of Life
Which blossomed fadelessly on Tolstoy's breast.

II

The Muses led him from the ways of war,
With all hell's demons snatching at his soul,
To where those royal-robed, enchanted ones
In glory roam the amaranthine fields,
To weave undying messages for men;
And here, with iron pen of mighty sweep,
Dipped deeply in the ruby of his heart,
He traced the Corsican through battle's blood,
And all the anguish of its myriad woes,
With holy Moscow's patriotic fires,
To winter's pitiless, destroying rage,

That left his triumph but a maddening dream.
And in that fair domain Art led him on
To picture creatures naked to the bone,
Who move in throbbing panoramas vast
Across the startled gaze. Here hearts are
rent;

Here life's great agonies affright the soul;
Here passion's evil drags its loathsome length
To caves ne'er sweetened by the gracious sun,
And where Remorse in lonely horror broods.
Yet, from the pouring fountains of his Art
Flow natural streams of ever-during good
To destined harbors of Fruition's hope.
His was the eye to pierce the marrow's core,
And his the gift to picture all he saw.

III

Art could not in these amaranthine fields
Forever this titanic soul detain;
And so he wended resolutely forth
To lay his heart against the heart of earth;
To feel her throbs beat ever pauseless on,
While man and beast were nourished at her
breast;

To see the hand of God upon the grass
As on the deeply rooted, towering tree;
To watch the grain from when it greens the
clod
Until it waves in seas of glowing gold.

And then he felt the unrestrained desire
To wrestle gladly with the yielding soil;
To plow, to plant, to reap, himself as one
With those who labored for their trifling
wage—

And mid these brother workingmen he seemed
A loving king whom Duty had enthroned
And Conscience with her diadems had crowned.

IV

And as he felt the heart of mother earth,
So did he feel his fellow-brother's heart
Beating in hopeless grief against his own.
He saw the millions bound in chains of steel,
While the few favored soar on wings of gold;
He saw the wretched fighting for a crust,
While surpluses that grow from hour to hour
Still wider make the unfraternal gap;
And he believed that Jesus had not yet
Been understood by theologic man;
And so he preached in messages divine
The word the Nazarene gave waiting souls—
The word whereby alone we can be saved.
Say he was mad, as some have wildly said;
Yet such insanity we dare not lose,
For it breathes deep the perfume of the breath
Of that unrivaled One who shall at last,
After long waiting, see His kingdom come.

V

Above the priest and czar this Titan rose
In elemental force that shook the world;
And, though Death smote his body till it fell,
His spirit still shall walk through all the years.
Nor War nor Art could bind their chains on
him,

Nor ever tempt him to betray his soul;
But, standing on the sacred ground of Work,
Christlike he chose the humblest for his friends,
And joyed to feel their hands within his own.
And as we gather round his new made grave
Who does not hear the chorus of the stars
Proclaiming to the universe's bound
The praise of what he did and what he was;
Who does not see unfading laurel wreath
With freshening glory his immortal name!

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THE BABE

WITHIN its mother's arms soft-cradling lies
This roseate babe, whose life in weeks is told,
And yet who can all heaven's irradiance hold
Reflected in its wonder-seeing eyes.
The giant Self its tiny arm defies;
For it the coldest never can be cold;
And at its bidding Love's untainted gold
To heights ineffable shall gladly rise.
Thus nineteen hundred years ago was seen
Upon his mother's breast the Nazarene,
Whom unregarding men still crucify;
And may the Fates not will it so to be
That this wee one shall raise a far-borne cry
Above some glory-crowned Gethsemane?

CHANGE

THE million-fingered, sleepless one am I,
Who breathes the air of all eternal things,
And who on viewless, never-folded wings,
Incessant ranges every land and sky.
Before my touch nought stays; the loved ones
fly
Beyond Love's reach; Life's radiant springs
But dance to death; while the wide desert
flings
Its mock against the hills uptowering high.
Yea, I am Change, whose every moment seems
To rise and pass as vainly as the dreams
That play in maddened minds delirium's
part;
Yet, lift thine eyes beyond the earth, and see
That all this flux but nourishes the heart
Of a divinely-souled Stability.

CHINA

I

FREE, free, beyond all thought or dreaming
free!

The long enshrouding Night now breaks
away,

And on the forehead of the new-born Day
I read in flaming letters, Liberty!

Such exaltation lays its joys on me,

I spurn the earth and through vast regions
fly,

Where my still mounting soul no foes can see,
And Hope in constellation stars the sky.

The awful Past

Away I cast

To depths beyond the reach

Of devils to beseech,

While the far Future in effulgence looms

In dazzling robes of rain-bow tinted hues,

And all the despots' hate-engendered glooms,

In Love's breath melting, all their poison
lose.

II

For years on years I've trod the ways of Hell
And felt the torture only Helldom knows—
My bosom torn by vile, rapacious foes,
Whose iron bondage bade me slave-like dwell
With ignorance beyond all tongue to tell;
That deadened all the fervors of my soul;
That sounded aspiration's final Knell,
As farther still receded every goal;
That fed their fill
On me of ill,
Till, swollen with every crime,
The long-awaiting time
Came, when with desperation's strength I rose
Against the Dragon's great, horrific brood,
And with herculean, heaven-directed blows
Crushed them and all their signs of servitude.

III

No longer now my millions wear the queue
 Embroidered for them by the Dragon's claws,
 Nor bow servilely to another's laws,
Nor like base suppliants only learn to sue;
The monster's writhing length no more we view
 Upon the yellow flag to evil signed,
But in its stead from out celestial blue
 The Star of Freedom greets its fellowkind;
 And splendent there
 It fills the air
 With joy ne'er seen before,
 Mid voiceful roar on roar.
Ah, now my children walk erect as men,
 With swelling heart and ever brightening
 eye,
And marching as from noisome prison pen
 All precious things seem theirs beneath the
 sky.

IV

O Liberty, to think that thou art mine
After these years of lacerating woe,
To think that all thy blessings I should
know,
Falls on my heart like something most divine.
My children, O my children, I would twine
Round everyone of you mine aged arms,
And pray your stars, that now so brightly
shine,
May lead you through your century-
breeding harms;
That with new heart
You now may start
To rear the soaring dome
Where Freedom makes her home,
And where your young Republic may arise
To all the blessedness of great desires
On heights unseen of frowning alien skies
And lit by Liberty's immortal fires.

THE COBBLER

THE snows of age have fallen on his head,
Yet every moment here from day to day
Pauseless he pegs, and sews, and pounds
away,
Till kindly stars admonish him to bed.
What shoes come here their maladies to shed!—
Some that have trod full many a toilsome
way;
Some that have felt the joys and stings of
play;
While others to the cypress groves have led.
As we behold him uncomplaining kneel
Before the shrine of Labor, deep we feel
The pulsing of the universal heart:
For were he lifted from his low estate
To loftiest altitudes of star-sown Art,
No closelier could his soul and duty mate.

MOTHER'S LOVE

As through the sweets of verse our talk did run,
My friend said, "Cage me in thy sonnet,
prayer,
A thought whose song shall tempt the Muse
to say,
Ah, this, indeed, is an immortal one!"
"Is it," I asked, "a maid's fond heart undone?
Or some far lesser grief? Or does the way
To fairest memories open to thee?"—"Nay,
'Tis Mother's Love—flame-hearted as the
sun."—
"Thou seekest what thou knowest is in vain,
Although before me were a Dante's pen,
Heart's blood for ink, with strength to make
them mine,
And though my sonnet bars their bounds should
strain
Beyond imagination's farthest ken
Till bathed in all the ecstasies divine."

AN OPERA CLOAK

Poor, cast-off opera cloak that shows
Your pride from hidden, long repose,
I smile to note the scornful eye
Wherewith my dear now puts you by,
Though richly wrought with brodered rose.

But ah, with what delight, who knows,
She donned you first to list to those
Rare strains that swelled in triumph high,
When Patti sang.

Mad fashion's blight upon you blows,
The diva's days now tuneless close,
Yet she that dooms your death and I
Have bred a love that dares not die,
Though we have borne heart-rending woes
Since Patti sang.

TO THE GRAND CANYON

Upon thy lofty rim we breathless stand,
As thy stupendous, myriad structures glow
With color's opulence, while far below
The raging river seems a slender band.
Thou deemst thou art eternal, yet thy grand,
Unrivalled palaces will surely go
In wreck adown the ages as they flow,
While other beauties will their place command.

Time is for man alone, and not for Him
Who bade the light forevermore to be,
And thee in all its amethyst to swim.
The Lord that fashioned us has fashioned thee,
And as we put our puny hands in thine,
We thrill to feel that we are both divine.

A LIZARD OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST

UPON an age-worn, upright stone
Of gems that once had been a part
Of some great tree's rejoicing heart
A Lizard, motionless and lone,
A glowing, living emerald shone
Of such encrusted, radiant sheen,
He reigned the monarch of the scene—
A creature nature's hand had done
When wrought the earth, and air, and sun,
In most harmonious unison.
He viewed us, as we passed him by,
With calm and yet with questioning eye,
But moveless still, as though the stone
Were portion of his being's own,
And voiceless as the forest is,
Whose jeweled ruins all are his.
The desert seemed to hold him there
As one of her supremest fair,
As one to whom our souls should owe
The best that beauty's love can know,
And with her prideful voice to say,
"See how I gem my breast of gray!"

A MEMORY OF A SUMMER DAY

WHAT treasure trove the task-free summer
hours

With every golden moment all our own;
Beneath some tree's soft shade to drowse,
and drone,

And build in Dreamland hope-enchanted
towers!

The birds are dozing in their foliaged bowers
Save the woodpecker tapping far and lone,
While dauntless bumble-bees make murmur-
ous moan

Among the blossoms of the drooping flowers.
The sun sinks down in clouds that seem his
pyre;

And as the dusk is edging into dark,
And Hesperus faintly trembles into fire,
The lightning bug floats by—a twinkling
spark,

While then we hear with heart-enchancing
thrill

The plaintive calling of the whippoorwill.

THE RECORD

WHEN thy stilled hands lie folded on thy
breast,

As some day they will be at death's desire,
What praise could wake the silence of thy rest,
What censure rouse thy indignation's fire?

O moment incommunicably dread!

For then how mend life's slightest broken
thread,

Or kiss to warmth the love by thee betrayed,
Or slay the least of those thy passions bred,
Or haste with joy some fallen one to aid,
And set the crown of hope upon his head?

What's done is done, on lines thyself hast laid;

Nor canst thou scape the forfeit to be paid:

No deed of thine can hope for funeral pyre,

Nor can Time's flood with still increasing ire

Erase one record thou hast ever made.

From man's memorial tablets it may fade;

But on the book the Eternal Justice keeps,

With omnipresent eye that never sleeps,

'Twill be emblazoned through unending years

Though grieved contrition shed a sea of tears.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

O CHRIST, on this thy natal day,
As oft before, we fain would pray;
And as the bells in laud of thee
Ring joyous over land and sea,
With every feeling sounding back
Along our lives' eventful track
That led from thee, ah, let us dare
To fill our starving souls with prayer.

Give us the passion-conquering might
In every stress to do the right;
And should we fall, as like we may,
Help us to front another day.
Add strengthening light to our weak eyes
For them to view fresh splendors rise,
And see that at our very feet
The richest things may lie complete.

Oh, lift us in thy blessed arms
Above the fear of loud alarms
To where the flower of courage grows
On hope-crowned heights that duty knows,
Till thrilled with that supporting air,
No longer dreaming of despair,
We shall go on from day to day
Despite all lions in our way.

Oh, give to us such spirit-needs
As teach the scorn of hates and greeds,
And light within our breast the fires
Of wisdom-hearted, high desires ;
Of love for all without constraint,
Of love that dares not halt nor faint,
Though it leads us, as it led thee,
Along the road to Calvary.

May we with thee so closely live
As that we freely can forgive,
Although our heart be torn by one
The best beloved beneath the sun,
And though the friendship built of old
With rarest gems and purest gold
Be prostrate laid, and we remain
In irremediable pain.

O Christ, on this thy holiest day,
Accept our homage as we pray ;
Upon us pour thy healing balm,
Till every pulse, serenely calm,
And tuned to love, undaunted beats
With harmony's ambrosial sweets,
While centred in our souls increase
The priceless treasures of thy peace.

FAITH

THOUGH man be lost in maze of mystery's land,
'Tis his to feel if not to understand,
And hear the heartening voice that ever sings
Of all the deep divinity of things.

WORK AND SERVICE

**Through work and service thou mayst see
The inmost heart of liberty,
And make thy sum of days to be
One fused organic unity.**

THE POEM

**ALL Beauty's magic-weaving airs
Blow through the Poet's answering soul,
Till thrilled with ecstasy he dares
The building of some flawless whole.**

THE POET

HE crushed his heart for wine of song
The sordid souls of men to glad,
But by him passed the scoffing throng,
Nor dreamed he was divinely mad.

A MADRIGAL

THE June is filled with roses,
The roses filled with June,
While every air discloses
I love thee late and soon;
I love thee, dost thou hear it?
I love thee, canst thou fear it?

My love is filled with wonder,
My wonder filled with love;
All things on earth and under,
All things that are above,
In rapturous tones are voicing
The joys of my rejoicing.

I love thee morn and even,
In every night thou art;
The very heaven of heaven
Of love is in my heart,
And were we now to sever
The world were lost forever.

WORK

To age-worn palace veiled with vine and tree
I listless came one summer afternoon,
A self-invited guest who craved the boon
Of peaceful idlesse in that privacy;
And there I saw, as swung the doors for me,
Some of the inmates lounge as half in swoon,
While others gaped and yawned, tried trivial
tune,
Turned a few leaves, then wandered aim-
lessly.
And when Ennui, the jeweled queen of these,
Rose languid from her couch of poppied ease,
With greeting such as indolence could spare,
I fled aghast, the humblest tool to seize,
And as its strokes with music filled the air,
Peace spread her wings in holy blessing
there.

ADVERSITY

WHEN glad Fortuna, as a friend to thee,
Her more than liberal spoils before thee
brings,
Beware the serpent, slyly hid, which stings
The soul with poison of Prosperity.
Thou never mayst revealing visions see,
Nor mount with seraphs on immortal wings,
Unless within thy deepest being springs
Some tear-fed fountain of Adversity.
The steel that Florence drove in Dante's heart
He fashioned to a lyre, whereon with ease
He deathless rose above the hells of hate;
And when life-wearied Milton sat apart,
Lonely and blind, he swept those organ keys
Whose tones from age to age reverberate.

LIFE'S JEWELS

SEEK not life's jewels where the poppies grow,
Nor where Desire, all passion-poisoned, rears
Her luring domes, but in the heart of woe,
With shores far washed by sanctifying tears.

QUESTION

OUTSIDE, the rain is dreary,
Inside, my heart is weary,
Outside, the winds are sighing,
Inside, my hopes are dying;—
O Earth, where is thy beauty?
O Soul, where is thy duty?

AT THE FUNERAL OF A NORSE WARRIOR

UPON your spears, with solemn care,
This warrior's glorious body bear
To some lone sea-belovèd ground,
And there rear high his burial mound,

So strong no Jötun's heavy hand
Can spread its ruins o'er the land,
And where the beauteous Balder might
Its summit tip with golden light.

The Hero's axe and sword ye know,
That smit to marrow of his foe,
Lay close beside his breathless form
With memories to keep them warm.

The wind of battle in his hair,
Oh, let it blow forever there,
Nor cleanse his beard, nor from his face
The stain of sweat or blood erase.

Just as he fell so let him lie
Where he shall see no more the sky,
Nor where again upon his ear
Shall fall the fight's heart-maddening cheer.

He died as he would choose to die,
With Victory burning in his eye,
Upon his foeman's captured deck
Bestrewn with gore and battle's wreck;

While Odin lit the dying day
With flame of blood-beseeming ray,
And bade some vast-winged maiden there
The hero's soul to Valhal bear.

Then take him proudly on your spears,
Without one eye bedimmed by tears,
And as his fame-blest mound ye raise
Chant to the seas and skies his praise.

ROSES FOR HIM

You that loved him, gather here
Round his bier.

Let the roses heaping rest
On his breast.

In his heart their sweets were hived
While he lived,

And he might unquiet be
If that we

Did not give his bed of death
Their dear breath.

Mid their fragrance let us say,
As we pray,

How he nursed a patient mood
Filled with good—

Good that flowed without an end
To his friend;

How, whatever stress might be,
Equal he;

How with every breath he drew
He was true;

How he charmed us with a tone
All his own,

Stingless wit and ready sense
Flowing thence;

How he walked affection's ways
All his days;

And how Beauty's conquering art
Held his heart,

Till he seemed her very child
Undefiled.

Gather then with roses here
Round his bier,

And in heaps upon his breast
Let them rest.

REFUGE

THE winds of Grief were driving him
Upon the rocks Despair had reared,
When in the distance, faint and dim,
The Star of Poesy appeared;
And as toward her his face he turned,
With hope and courage in his breast,
She then with brighter fulgence burned,
To light him to the Port of Rest.

NOW

Oh, do not wait till in the earth I lie
Before thou givest me my rightful meed;
Oh, do not now in coldness pass me by,
And then cry praises which I cannot heed.
If I have helped thee on thy weary way,
Or lightened in the least thy burden's weight,
Haste with love's tokens ere another day
Shall pierce thee with the fatal words, "Too
late."

The present moment is thy time to live:
The Past is gone, the Future may not be;
If thou hast treasure of thy heart to give
To hungry souls, bestow it speedily;—
For sweet Love's sake, let not to-morrow's
sun
Tempt thee to wait before thou see it done.

RECONCILIATION

THOU heart-bereaved, complaining mite,
Why blink at God's eternal light,
Why make an individual night
 Of cowardly despair?
In the vast universe divine
Sink every grief and woe of thine,
And thou wilt nevermore repine,
 But sing in triumph there.

IN TIME OF NOVEMBER

THE leaves are falling, falling,
By autumn's breath embrowned;
The restless winds are calling
With ever saddening sound;
And all the long-dead embers
Of all my past Novembers
Seem heaped in burial mound.

But Memory joys in bringing
Her loveliest blossoms there,
With birds whose heartsome singing
Dispels each dark despair;
And then those embers' fires
Reflame with June's desires,
Till Life grows newly fair.

WITH THE LARK

Ah, mark
That Meadow Lark,
With note so silvery sweet,
Skimming the golden sea of wheat
As blithesome Dawn, in rosy-hued array,
Shakes out the banner of the new-born day.
Still on he goes with rapturous glee,
A floating fount of melody.
Oh, that my heart like his could beat
In thoughtless joy complete;
That under this balm-breathing sky,
Without one question why,
My soul in ravishment might rest
On Beauty's radiant breast.

WITH THE EAGLE

His eye
Sweeps all the sky,
As hard he grips the rock.
Storm's ice-clad brood that round him flock
But blow the fires of his undaunted breast,
And forth he fares in ecstasy of quest.
Still up he goes, proudly to fling
His own against the thunder's wing.
O Eagle of the mighty heart,
Give me of what thou art:
Breed in my soul thy lofty air,
That it may nobly dare,
And with unconquerable will
Face every darkest ill.

ATTAINMENT

We sigh for things we scarce may hope to gain,
And which, if all our own, would give no
peace;

We vainly toil and struggle to release
To knowledge nature's secrets; we complain
That 'tis not given us to break some chain,
To scale some peak, to win some golden
fleece,

To do some mighty deed whose light shall
cease

Only when moons no longer wax and wane.
We thus pass heedless by life's crystal springs,
And lose the blessing at our very hand
That Faith and Love invincibly have won:
For they proclaim with voice that deathless
rings,

No work is futile that is nobly planned,
No deed is little if but greatly done.

ENDURE THOU FALTERING SOUL

ENDURE, thou faltering soul, thou shouldst endure:

Though thou hast toiled and served unblest
of gain;

Though clamors mock thy peace; though
fortune rain

Deep-wounding blows on thee past hope of
cure;

Though hearts grow cold, while griefs have
made thee poor

In all save tears, till cumulative pain

Dare proffer ease with death's too-tempting
bane,

E'en then, despairing soul, thou must endure.

For lo, behold! all fellows are thy kin

From vastest sun to tiniest atomy;

Yea, all that was, and is, and shall be, in

The mystery-breathing, great immensity,

Where thou art challenged for thy needed
part—

Then forward with fresh courage in thy
heart!

AN ODE
ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARBITRATION
TREATY MADE BETWEEN THE UNITED
STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND
FRANCE AUGUST THIRD
1911

*A dream all this as it may seem,
But be it so still let me dream.*

I

Who speeds this way on world-amazing wings
That beat out music of seraphic song,
As with unhindered might she sweeps along
And on mankind a newer splendor flings;
Her eye full softly mild as that of fawn,
Yet keen as eagle's of the mountain pine,
Her smile diffusing radiance of a Dawn
Transcendently, ineffably divine;
Her brow enwreathed with amaranthine sprays
Culled from the gardens of immortal bloom,
Her form all throbbing from the chorused
praise
Ascending from the cypress groves of gloom.
Ah, it is Peace—the glorious Goddess who
Now fills the heavens with supernal light,
And who, in raiment of celestial blue,
Bids man tear down the sullen flags of Night,
And raise on high her starry gonfalons of
white.

II

Beneath her smile the Seasons' children rest:
 Spring's flowers begem the mountain, vale,
 and mead,
 Then find fruition in the cradled seed
That patient wait their mother's nurturing
 breast;
Then Summer kisses her belovèd fields,
 And garnering Autumn sighs from sere to
 sere,
While smiling at the store that nature yields
 For toiling man from year to fruitful year.
Beneath the roof when Winter spreads his
 snows,
 And binds the resting earth in icy chains,
The cheering fire in household safety glows,
 And only to the chimney's mouth complains.
So Home is folded in the arms of Peace
 With all the jewels of her blest demesne,
Where discord's noises in abashment cease,
 And where ungrudging service moves serene,
 To make on earth a heaven of all the blessed
 scene.

III

Thou ravening monster War, thou art the worst
Of all Hell's brood to riot on the earth—
The awful fount of pestilence and dearth,
The fell destroyer most of all accurst;
The templed courts where Peace has held her
 sway,

 All consecrated with the joys of years,
Thou wreckest with the fury of a day,
 And drownest in a sea of blood and tears;
Thy hoofs tramp down the harvest-swelling soil
 Where myriads sink into thy crimson mire,
And where the fruited heaps of long-drawn toil
 Crumble to ashes at thy torches' fire;
Thou sparest none, the mother nor the child,
 The maiden, nor the sanctuaried home;
Thou art a flame-breathed terror raging wild
 To do Hell's work beneath the heavenly dome,
 And mock at all the angels from thy gory
 foam.

IV

But monster, know the people are awake;
At last they see the awful thing thou art;
New readings in the history of the heart
A mighty voice has bade them now to make.
The Conqueror's banner streaming at thy call
Above the frenzied hosts of bygone times,
What is it but a sable funeral pall
That cloaks full oft unutterable crimes?
Oh, the vast waste and havoc thou hast made;
What awful agonies by thee confessed;
What radiant youths in millions have been laid
In death's foul reek at thy unpitying hest!
All these arise as one accusing ghost
That tops the empyréan's farthest space,
Proclaiming thou and thy demonic host
No more shall agonize the human race,
Or hold again the countries in thy dread embrace.

V

O light divine that streams from east to west,
 Borne by the Goddess as she grandly flies,
 That gives a deeper meaning to the skies,
 And makes the earth with every richness blest:
 Behold a spectacle that Heaven's own court
 Might summon all the seraphim to view,
 Where France's Eagle and our own resort,
 With Britain's Lion, Peace's will to do;
 No more to do the horrent will of war;
 No more each other's breast in rage to tear;
 No more each other's children to abhor;
 No more of mild persuasion to despair;
 No more to dream that Force is stronger still
 Than unimaginable Love can be,
 Or that the Godless ministers of Ill
 Can ever set the judging Conscience free,
 To bind the doubting ages through eternity.

VI

O Britain, for a rounded hundred years,
My country's hand has ever clasped thine
own,

And now our friendship sits upon a throne
Above all malcontents' or traitors' fears.
And France, my country's ever constant friend,
The land of noble-hearted La Fayette,
Thy love is as a ring that has no end,
A star within our sky forever set.

Ye glorious ones, as much as ye have done
In mastery of all the world can know,
In this immatchless treaty ye have won
A triumph that has vanquished every foe;
The voice of it rings loud from shore to shore;
It thrills all good with unaccustomed zest;
It calls the name of every nation o'er,
And dares demand the deathless roll attest
Each name in blazoned splendor flaming with
the rest.

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AMONG THE POPPIES IN A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD

In rapture-breathing chalices of gold
These poppies make obeisance to the sun,
As round their rims the fragrant breezes run,
Their every loveliest beauty to unfold.
And here death's iron bell full oft has tolled
Above the head of many a fair, loved one,
Who ne'er can know what all these blooms
have done
To glorify their unpretending mould.
Thus some great soul, with wide-extended palms,
Scatters the treasure of his bounteous alms,
Nor bends to catch the adulator's praise—
Sufficient unto him that he has trod
The paths of Duty in his strenuous days,
And lived at peace with Conscience and his
God.

SLEEP

THE Horses of the Hours lag through the
night,

Driven by all the demons of unrest,
Who play their pranks on my defenseless
breast

In very mock of torturing delight.

The splendent stars are maddening to my sight,
So far remote they seem from Dawn's be-
hest,

And yonder moon so slowly seeks the west
I fain would snatch it from its hateful height.

O thou mine outraged Conscience, let me hear

No more thy awful thunders in mine ear,
That drive repose from out my wearied eyes;

Its peace with thee my soul has sworn to keep;

Then stay thy torments until lightly lies

Upon my grateful lids the down of Sleep.

THE COCK

ADOWN his neck, upcurving high,
His plumes in golden radiance flowed,
With gleaming bronze his body glowed,
While all his tail of sable dye
Waved banner-like as proud he strode.

His comb in scarlet glory shone
Above an eye of stern delight,
And bits of rainbow tinted bright
His breast, as with resounding tone
His clarion shook the neighboring height.

For all the filth that reeked around
The purlieu's street he had no care;
He glorified its earth and air,
And with a flawless beauty crowned
Strode on in lonely splendor there.

BOAT SONG

WHERE the river murmurs music
To the purple-wreathèd hours,
While the leaning, lovely willow
On the wave its beauty showers ;
Where the stately, towering redwoods
Mighty lords of nature seem,
Float we gently in the twilight,
Float we gently as in dream.

Though the saucy rocks would bar us,
Onward, onward still we glide,
Till the placid pools receive us,
Reaching far, and deep, and wide ;
Resting then upon the bosom
Of the music-murmuring stream,
Float we gently in the twilight,
Float we gently as in dream.

IN ALL THE DAYS

THE generations come and go
In immemorial, ghostly show;
They pass, and pass, and are no more
Than are the leaves of eldest yore
That wintry winds blew to and fro.

What toils and moils were theirs to know,
What withered blooms were theirs to grow,
What dust made up their treasured store
In all the days!

And yet the streams of life still flow,
No evil stalks but meets its foe,
The Muse still guards her golden lore,
While deathless Love still hovers o'er
The anguished bed of many a woe,
In all the days!

UNKISSED

O LIPS that moan unkissed
Beneath Love's luring sky,
What raptures you have missed,
What pangs have passed you by!

THE SOUL

Who is it dares disturb my rest
In this luxuriant poppy field,
Where languorous airs within my breast
All rare delights of music yield?

I am thy Soul!—Up from thy bed,
And sweep the film from out thine eye,
So that by consecration led,
I may be saved that's like to die.

GHOSTS

THE ghosts that come from out the years,
Dream-winged and purged of passion's fears,
Troop round me now as oft before,
In love to lead my footsteps o'er
The paths my heart of heart endears.

What hope-wreathed joy on joy appears,
What bloomy cheeks no anguish sears,
What vasty skies wherein to soar,
O time of old!

Their voices die upon mine ears,
I cry to them, but no one hears,
While other ghosts around me pour—
The ghosts of Now that madly roar,
And mock my unrelieving tears,
O time of old!

CAN THIS BE DAY?

CAN this be day? The stars have fled;
Dawn's banners brighten overhead;
The wagons roll along the street,
And men go by with hastening feet;—

Ah, yes, it must be day.

But come and see where cold she lies,
Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes;
With pallid lips that cannot stir;
The aching mother bent o'er her;—

Ah, no, 'tis night, not day.

THE PITY OF IT

How bloomed round her the flowers of nur-
turing care,
How breathed on her Home's kindest summer-
air,
How softly smooth her daily paths were made,
From that sweet moment Life first gave her
breath
Until that bitter time her dear head laid
Its lilled beauty in the lap of Death!

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES

**In mystery's face I could but peer
When she my heart of heart did fill,
And yet her pulseless beauty here
Proclaims a mystery greater still.**

THE FOG ROLLS IN

THE fog rolls in as it has rolled
For years that never can be told,
And all the sky of sombre-gray
Makes drearier still the dreary day;
 And hearts still ache
 Until they break,
As it has been with Death alway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled
The sun's above it as of old;
No sky can be so sombre-gray,
But that the blue will have its way;
 And hearts will wake
 For love's dear sake,
As it has been with Life alway.

ON A STATUE BY ARTHUR PUTNAM
ENTITLED "THE PLOWMAN"

I

DEEP-THOUGHTED sits he on his worn plow's
beam

As day's laborious, long-drawn hours are
done,

And all their leaden moments, one by one,
Are passing through his mind as in a dream.

His head and body bend so low they seem

Oppressed by every woe beneath the sun,
As sheer fatigue's resistless currents run
Through all his frame in heart-benumbing
stream.

The share within the unfinished furrow stands,
As if appealing sadly to the hands

Too weary now its willing point to guide;

While a gaunt dog, that gnaws a fleshless bone,
Sits on his haunches by his master's side—
Brothers that Misery seals as all its own.

II

Ah, why despair for that the stubborn soil
Refuses thee the treasure of its breast,
Or that instead of fortune-favored quest
Thy purpose writhes within a tightening coil?
Each prize lies buried in the heart of toil,
And he lives only who, with bateless zest,
Does that bright object from its prison
wrest,
Nor lets the universe his purpose foil.
See Hope come bounding o'er the fruited hills
With song that all the tremulous heaven fills,
Till breathes anew the quaking host of fear;
While Pessimism slinks within his cave,
To weave the pall, to brew the bitter tear,
And sow the seeds of madness on the grave.

REMEMBRANCE OF A PICTURE ONCE
SEEN

HERE patient Evening waits approaching
Night,

With Silence folded closely on her breast ;

The breezes stir not, and in moveless rest

The cypresses uplift their solemn height.

Within the sombrous house no gleaming light

Speaks welcome with the voice of Home confessed,

No more the fountain sings with joy possessed,

While darksome mystery holds the questioning sight.

Here Meditation dwells upon the days

That wind through Life's uncomprehended
maze,

With pain and evil as their seeming goal ;

Where Sorrow's self may then with her commune,

Till with divinity they come in tune,

And tread the golden pathways of the soul.

TO BURNS

THOU wast of truest flesh and blood;
Thy veins ran hot with passion's flood;
Thou knewest the stars—and miry mud—

But all sincerely;
And so the world, as well it should,
Loves thee most dearly.

All nature's kin was kin of thine;
The earth for thee was all divine;
Nor didst thou need from Heaven a sign
To love thy brothers,
Nor wouldst thou measure with thy line
The faults of others.

'Tis true thy satire's lash did smite
The tender spot of many a wight;
But though thy blow was never light,
It meant no evil;
Indeed thou didst not do despite
E'en to the Devil.

And yet thy bosom nursed a hate
For bigotry that would not bate;
For aught that bound thy fellow's fate
To tyrant burdens,
Or barred him from his just estate
Of worthy guerdons.

The gauds of rank of every kind
Could not thine eagle vision blind,
For thy devoted soul did find
 In man a brother,
With patient love in wait to bind
 One to the other.

The lowliest things that breathe the air
Could catch thy thought and feel thy care,
And nestling in thy heart find there
 Unselfish giver,
Till winged with song their flight shall bear
 Still on forever.

Thy strain how tender, sweet and strong!
How full of all the joys of song!
How round the heart its children throng
 To leave us never!
How scornful of the meanly wrong,
 Yet loving ever!

Thou Scotia's best belovèd son,
In vain the critic eye shall run
Around the years in search of one
 To match thy glory;
Our hearts cry out, like thee there's none
 In lettered story.

Thank God for every year of thine;
We shed no tears o'er thee, nor pine
That Fate so soon thy heart divine
 From life did sever—
'Tis nought when Love with Heaven's own sign
 Crowns thee forever.

BROWNING

Here was a Titan—one whose teeming
thought,
In unfamiliar channels, broad and deep,
Flowed grandly on in undiminished sweep;
One who, by nature as by learning taught,
In many a mine of human passion wrought,
With such keen vision, such soul-searching ways,
As ne'er were blazoned in the sight of men
Save by his own and Shakespeare's sovran pen;
One who met truth with never-flinching gaze
As on he walked with Muse for loving guide;
Who held his road, despite of blame or praise,
In noble scorn of intellectual pride,
And yet who could with any man be free,
And in his breast some thing of beauty see;
Who bore Faith's ensign, starred with heart-
some hopes,
Undaunted up Doubt's demon-haunted slopes;
Who kept to earth the while his questing eyes
Ranged all the reaches of the farthest skies;
And who, with fame that purples every tide,
Sleeps, where 'tis meet he should, by Chaucer's
side.

WILLIAM WATSON

ALL crystal clear the fibre of his song;
His lyrics sing like larks against the sky;
While every melody his sonnets try,
Where harmonies roll their golden lengths
along.

His words are flames when hurled against a
wrong

His tender conscience bids him dare defy,
And Abdul's infamies through him shall cry
Adown the shuddering years in crimson
throng.

Our country's friend he is whose flawless art
Pours from the brimming chalice of his heart
Its praise of her in numbers' precious wine;
And hence this sonnet-wreath I humbly bring
To him who in the palaces divine
With dauntless voice immortally shall sing.

TO HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THOU muse-belovèd one, thou Son of Light,
Who rangest the illimitable ways,
Had I thy gift thy name, embalmed in praise,
Should fear no demon of oblivion's night.
Thy soul is nourished on the things of might ;
The altitudes are thine, and thine the gaze
That views creation's mystery-hearted days
In the vast epochs of their ceaseless flight.
Thou rangest too with nature-breathing art
The awful chambers of the human heart
Along the winding trails of sin-stained blood ;
While through thy breast such streams of pas-
sion flow
As bear thy sympathies at topmost flood
Even to where hell's deadliest breezes blow.

E. H. SOTHERN

UPON his amaranthine-bowered throne,
In isolated grandeur of repose,
The mighty Shakespeare sits mid time's mad
throes,
Nor fears that men may make him less their
own—
Their own to bind within his matchless zone
All that life feels of happiness and woes;
All that heart's ocean's various vastness
shows;
All myriad passions earth has ever known.
Now Sothern comes, his heaven-kissed messen-
ger,
The deepest soundings of our souls to stir
With conquering Art as beautiful as true;
And the great Master, smiling from afar,
Sees fast ascending in the cloudless blue,
With him as sponsor, an immortal star.

WILLIAM KEITH IN HIS LAST YEAR

ALTHOUGH the years have worn his strength
away;

Although some demon sits upon his breast,
Feeding in fatness on his nightly rest,
Until in agony he longs for day,
Yet his unconquered eye's far-reaching ray
Makes Beauty captive, till she stands confessed

Upon his glowing canvas, to attest
The magic of that Art age cannot stay.
Thou undismayed, thou hero-hearted one,
Thou'lt cling unto thy brushes till are done
Thy laboring, fruitful moments on the earth;
And then thy canvases shall speak for thee,
With all the rapture of that newer birth
Which leads to thronèd immortality.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE PAINTED
BY WILLIAM KEITH
ENTITLED "AFTER THE STORM"

THE legions of the Storm have trampled here,
And spent their wrath on these resisting
trees,
But now the forest breathes with deep-drawn
ease,
While its affrighted brood rest free from
fear.

Yon castellated clouds their heads still rear
And surge as if by battle's mad decrees,
Yet this rejoicing grass serenely sees
Peace in an air so crystallinely clear.
The Master wrung the blood from out his heart
To build such structures of consummate art
As here delights the eye and thrills the soul;
And now that his own Storm of Life is done,
'Tis sweet to call to mind how many a goal
Through stress and struggle he supremely
won.

MOTHER EARTH

O MOTHER EARTH, from whom all things have
 come,
And unto whom all things at last return,
In Life's immeasurable, brimming urn
Thou art the sole, incalculable sum.
Death cannot strike thy myriad voices dumb,
For in his blighting steps fresh splendors
 burn,
While new-born creatures all his malice
 spurn,
And laugh from depths his cunning cannot
 plumb.
Thou givest all but as thy bosom bleeds,
To answer man's insatiate, ravening greeds,
Or when thy very bowels he invades;
No niggard stint thy liberal bounties know,
And e'en within thy deepest cypress shades
The flowers of Hope in gorgeous glory blow.

THE MUSIC OF WORDS

Tennyson said in one of his talks that "People do not understand the music of words."

To give to Beauty her immortal meed
As gemmed she lies immaculately fair;
To paint the hopes that end in fell despair,
While tones mellifluous every passion feed;
To follow Fancy's fairy troop that lead
Through vales of Dream embathed in
drowsèd air,
Or on Imagination's heights to dare,
What nectar-hearted, golden words we need—
Such words as thine, thou muse-encrownèd one,
Who, like some inextinguishable sun,
Shall light the heavens of man forevermore;
Such words as Homer sent, long, long ago,
With music winged, through Hellas' heart of
woe,
Or such as Shakespeare made divinely soar.

THE PASSION FOR PERFECTION

WHAT deep desires are ours, what searching
pains,

To find the word we so supremely need;
To frame a diction worthy Art's great meed,
That winged with music bears undying
strains!

Our thought when bound in rhythm oft con-
tains

Such teasing imperfections, that we feed
The hours in their cure, then inly bleed,
For fear some vexing blemish yet re-
mains. . . .

Dear nymph, Perfection, how thou dost elude
Thy fond pursuer!—seeming near, then far,
Enticing ever with allurements sweet;
Till after trial many a time renewed,
He sees thee blaze a solitary star
In some high, inaccessible retreat.

BROTHERS

I

Ah, true it is in Life's unceasing flow
The greatest as the meanest pass and go;
Temples once raptured with rejoicing sound
In piteous fragments strew the desolate ground,
While many a City, radiant as the dawn,
Along oblivion's dusty paths has gone.
Nought, in the end, of all man's work remains;
Ay, even the mountains flatten into plains,
And Time but mocks the "everlasting hills."
Perfection's loveliest creatures yield to blight
E'en while their conquering beauty woos the
light.

The swelling rivers as the rippling rills
Have yielded and will yield to Death's great
might—

A might that all in every age and day
Have but obeyed and must fore'er obey;
Vain human strength, though that of Hercules,
Vain all the best that mind and hand can rear,
Vain all the beauty that can go with these,
And vainer still the supplicating tear.

II

Life follows ever in the wake of Death,
And by his favor takes its every breath;
Without the one the other could not be,
For 'tis not Death but ceaseless change we
see:

Creation lords it over every earth,
Death can in no wise stranger be than birth,
And the great heart of things beats on apace
Throughout the boundless vastitudes of space.
Daughter succeeds to mother in a line
Which makes the soul of loveliness divine;
The hero falls yet other heroes rise,
And Cities raise their towers to the skies,
That dare in face of all the past to shine.
The mountains crumble, but from out their
dust

Flowers recurrently forever spring;
Leaves fall, but other leaves the seasons bring.
So Nature, throned securely on this trust,
Tells man to fear not, for that Death and Life
Are but as brothers in a friendly strife.

OUT OF THE SHADOW

I would not have the world's regardless eyes
Rest on this verse made consecrate with tears
For one who in the spring-time of his years
Sank down o'erburdened, never more to rise;
But those alone whose unavailing cries
Have risen like mine for all the heart endears
I would have here to pause, and in his bier's
Deep shadow share my bosom's agonies.
Yet as Grief hands the bitter cup around,
And deeper grows the shade's intensity,
Our souls may hear some new, far-falling
sound;
And mid its throbs divine it then may be
That Life will stream with richer thought,
and we
Deem Death a monarch with effulgence
crowned.

UPWARD

WITHIN the breast Life's mountain looms so
high,
Where ravening demons crouch in many a
lair,
We fear to challenge its ethereal air
Except with dubious glimpses of the eye;
And thus enfolded on ourselves we lie,
Drinking the bitter waters of despair,
Unheeding still that Faith and Hope are
there,
To help us upward to the farthest
sky. . . .
Oh, the deep joy of that consummate day,
When, as we toil along the lengthening way,
The distant splendors yet more brightly
glow,
Mid sounds ineffable that bless the ear,
And winds that from the breast of heaven
blow
To tell us God is infinitely near.

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